

## A TRIP TO SAMOS.

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VERY few English tourists think now-a-days of visiting the island of Samos, notwithstanding the tempting advice of Byron to

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,"

and notwithstanding the high reputation of the place in ancient times, when the Greeks not only occupied but owned the almost innumerable islands of the Archipelago and Ægean Sea. It lies close to and in sight of Patmos, where St. John wrote the Book of the Revelations, and very near the mainland of Asia, where the port of New Ephesus, an important shipping-place for dried fruit, forms a convenient starting-point for a trip to the ancient ruins of the temple of Diana, which have recently been the object of extensive explorations by some of our fellow-countrymen.

There is steam-boat communication from time to time between Syra, the centre of the trade of the Eastern Mediterranean, and the island of Scio, whence there is also occasional communication with Bathy, or Vathy, at present the principal town of Samos. Scio is Turkish, and during the latest of the Greek disturbances suffered frightfully from the barbarisms committed by the Turks, after a vain attempt had been made to combine with the government of Greece, and throw off the Turkish rule. But it is a flourishing place, and the *stamm-ort*, as the Germans say, of some of the greatest commercial families among the Greeks, many of whom, driven from their native place, have made enormous fortunes in the great capitals of Europe.

Scio is a cultivated island, and here chiefly is produced the well-known mastic used in the East for chewing, and in the West for various purposes in the arts, but by no means regarded in our schools of cookery as a luxury. It is sold in the market in large quantities, and has all the appearance of the common gum-arabic. It is not properly a gum, but a resin, exuded from a species of Lentisk, various other species of which shrub are distributed throughout the islands of the Greek Archipelago, and on the adjacent mainland. With us its main value is as a varnish, but in the East it is eaten by itself, and made into a sweet-meat.

Scio is very celebrated in the East for its preserves, which include many that rarely reach England, but are not on that account to be despised. Small green oranges in thin syrup are especially tempting. There is a good deal of trade carried on at all times, and very large quantities of the locust-bean are exported. They are seeds of a large-podded acacia.

Finding no better means of proceeding, as the steamer we expected to catch had broken down, my friends hired a caique at Scio to take us across to

Samos. The weather was very moderate, the wind not unfavourable, and there was little fear of change, so we started in the afternoon on board this open boat. There were three of our own party, and two hands to work the sails or oars as might be necessary, and thus we proceeded quietly on our journey, taking materials for a meal with us.

As, however, it was necessary to touch at a projecting headland not far off, to pick up stones for ballast, none being available at Scio, we first steered for this point, and arrived there towards sunset. There we landed on the rocks, and ate our meal while the ballast was being put on board, and when the shades of evening drew on we started once more, remaining always within sight of the island for which we were bound.

Very pleasant was the scene while lazily drifting along, with a slight though not very favourable breeze, the broad blue sky lighted by a young moon, the glitter of innumerable stars shining faintly in the heavens, and the deep blue water gently heaving and rippling, quietly as we stole through it.

The captain of the boat, a true Turk, left the helm, which till about eleven o'clock he had taken charge of, and quietly laid himself down in his cloak, covered his face, and went to sleep. The other hand, after pretending to look out for a time, quietly followed his example, and our boat was left to drift on in any direction, run down any other boat that might be on the water, or be run down, according to circumstances. Your true Turk acts up to his principles, and practises as well as believes in *Kismet*, by us sometimes called fate, and sometimes Providence. My friend did not quite like that we unbelievers should be practically converted in this fashion, and while I and another of the party slept, kept careful watch over us.

Towards four in the morning, some time before day-break, we gently glided into the harbour of Vathy, the principal port of Samos. It was very beautiful at that hour, and under such circumstances.

Samos is a mountainous island, with a somewhat exposed and rocky coast towards the north, and a partial plain at the south-east. The western part is almost inaccessible, except for extremely small craft; and the mountain-chain culminates near the middle of the island in a grand series of rocky eminences. These continue along the north coast to the east for a considerable distance. The eastern part of the island approaches quite closely to the mainland of Asia Minor, so closely indeed that animals can swim from the one to the other.

Vathy, or Bathy, is like many towns in the East, far more picturesque when viewed from the sea than in the interior, though it is not at all a bad specimen of the prosperous and rather interesting towns that are still to be found in this part of the world. It has

no antiquities, no remarkable buildings, neither mosque nor Christian church worth five minutes' consideration, and its houses are plain and ugly enough outside. Inside there are several that are comfortable and well furnished. The palace of the governor and the resi-

I went on horseback along the north coast from Vathy to a village in the mountains, about a day's ride distant. The way was very rough, and hardly marked even as a mule-track. The animals included ponies, mules, and donkeys, as we were several in number; but none of them seemed particularly trustworthy, and I think all stumbled before the day was over. We managed, however, to get safely to our destination, though the last part of the journey involved a very steep climb over the roughest possible path, into a village located on a small ledge on a mountain-side, the houses being perched wherever there was a space of a few yards. We reached this place on Saturday; and on Sunday, in the afternoon, the whole population, in their best and most picturesque costumes, were seated on a sort of parapet in front of the house occupied by our party. Towards evening they honoured us with a dance—probably a

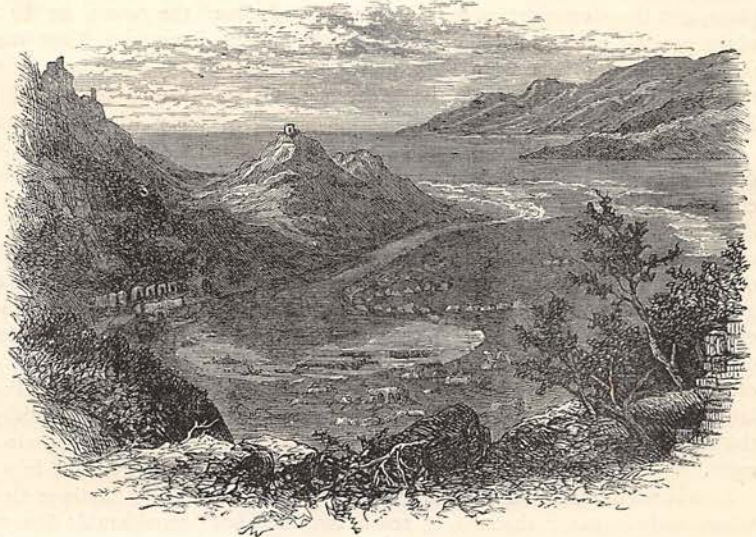


PATMOS.

dence of the British consul are naturally the best, and both contain European luxuries. Most of the houses are grouped near the sea, round a small square, where are some of the principal shops. Others are dotted about on the hill-side, looking towards the sea. They are numerous, and the number seems increasing. All the inhabitants are Christians, and the government is Christian, the chief officer being styled Prince of Samos, and having the power of life and death. There is even a representative assembly, to whom is entrusted the enactment of laws, so that the people are in fact independent. The chief trade of Samos is in fruit and wine, but none of the latter comes to England. It is a luscious wine, with a good deal of body, and keeps well.

The villages and towns are small, and built almost entirely on or near the sea. One or two are quite on the coast, and are situated near small inlets giving shelter to caiques and other small craft. An endeavour was being made to form a small harbour of refuge at one point, and a French engineer had been consulted. Works were proceeding at the time of my visit, and I was asked to give an opinion as to the probable result. As far as I could judge, a breakwater thrown out as was proposed would be silted up and rendered useless in a very few years, as the site was on the northern shore of the island, and was evidently subject to a considerable drift, although here, as elsewhere in the Eastern Mediterranean, there is no true tide perceptible.

rough specimen of the old Pyrrhic dance. It commenced with two men, who simply marched slowly backwards and forwards, hand in hand, and in a sort of half-measured step. Soon these two were joined by a third, and by degrees others, including women, came into the line. There was no circle formed, and though the two first men really moved in a regular rhythmical step, the others never seemed to attempt more than a simple walk, the women especially being perfectly inanimate.



EPHESUS.

Except that the costumes were rather curious, it is hardly possible to imagine a more tiresome or uninteresting affair.

All round this village were numerous indications of lead mines, and some mines actually open and worked, though to a very small extent. The ore that had been

found was rich in silver. Not far off, in a very desolate place, far removed from a village, was a spot where the Turks, during a time of war, had certainly raised large quantities of lead, and run the metal into

towers still exist, but of the great temple dedicated to Juno, a little to the west of the city, scarcely any indication is now left. A really good road, constructed by the late prince, conducts from the middle of the island in this part to Vathy. It was originally intended to cross to the southern coast, where there are farms and the land is cultivated, but was never completed.

The island of Samos is only separated from the mainland of Asia Minor by a channel half-a-mile in width, the site of the battle of Mycale, nearly 500 years before Christ; but there is no village in this part, and no road by which communication could be kept up. The nearest port that can be reached by travellers at present is New Ephesus, situated in a convenient bay five or six hours from Vathy, and a place of considerable trade. I have

nowhere seen longer or more numerous strings of camels, or camels in better condition or finer growth, than in the streets of this modern town. It is full of caravanserais, and, at the season of shipping fruit, abounds with all varieties of costume and dialect.

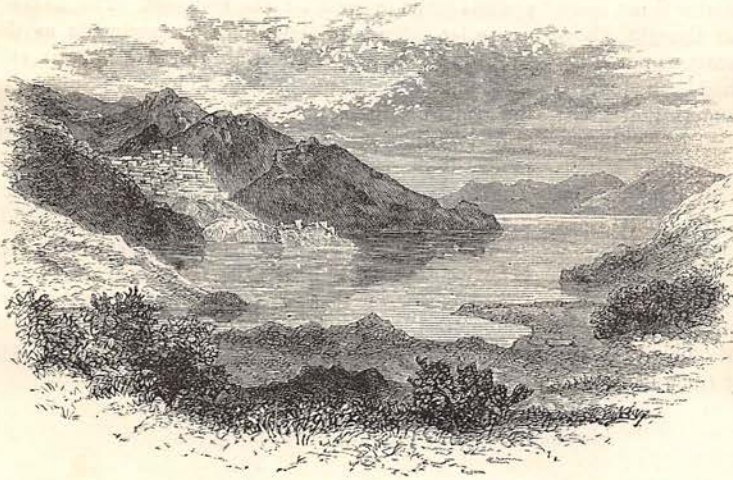
bullets; but the works had since then been quite neglected, and nothing was being done to develop the property.

After having visited the above mines, I descended to the sea and took a boat, the road being almost inaccessible. My next point was another mine situated at the westernmost extremity of the island, and in order to reach it we were constrained to pass along several miles of a very rocky and forbidding coast, broken only by one extremely small inlet, not visible at all until approached quite closely.

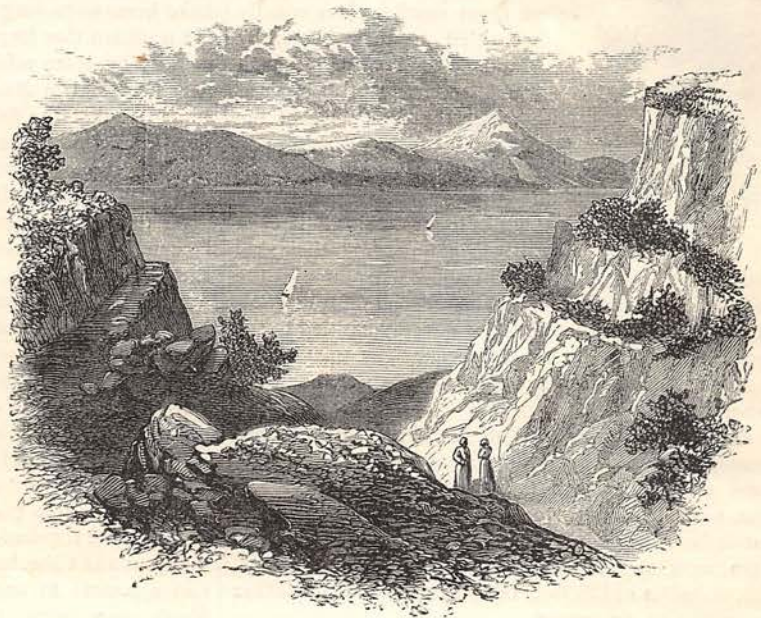
From a small landing-place there was a track along a hillside covered with vegetation to a very small valley, or rather a narrow gorge opening to the sea, but inaccessible at its mouth, and here too were unmistakable indications of mineral wealth, but in a position accessible only with difficulty. The country hereabouts was well wooded and extremely picturesque; but there were very few inhabitants.

The south of the island is less mountainous than the north, but it is almost equally inaccessible notwithstanding. Towards the east there is a large plain, where was in ancient times the capital of the island (also called Samos), formerly regarded as one of the finest cities of the world. Remains of its walls and

The little harbour was full of shipping, and everything betokened wealth and industry. It was curious to see the strings of twenty or thirty camels, all tied together and led by a solemn donkey who strutted on at the head of the train, the only animal not heavily loaded. On arriving at the market-place the donkey would stop,



SYRA.



SCIO.

and each camel slowly lower himself to be unloaded. After this they would as slowly rise and stalk away to the stables to which they were accustomed to resort on these occasions.

The distance from New Ephesus to the railroad that communicates from Smyrna to the interior is not more than about three hours' ride, but it was thought advisable that our party should have an escort, as not many days before a number of travellers had been stopped, and some of them killed, by the marauders that infest the coast.

We had no interruption, and reached the station just in time to catch the train, which on this occasion was about three-quarters of an hour before its time. As, however, time is of very little value in the East, no one would have thought of being surprised if we had been too late, and obliged to accept the best accommodation that could be given at the station till another train came by, which might not be for four-and-twenty hours. The railway passes near the ruins of ancient

Ephesus, and stops at several stations before approaching Smyrna. The outskirts of that city are covered with villas and cultivated lands, and exhibit an appearance of wealth fully justified by the general aspect of the town, which is, however, far too European to possess much interest for the traveller. The bazaars are as far inferior to those of Constantinople as the shops in the principal street are to those of Paris and London. Much has been done to improve Smyrna in the construction of public buildings, and a complete and magnificent system of docks in progress will render it more accessible than any city in the East. The trade is already very large, and must increase; but hotel accommodation by no means corresponds with the general appearance of the new streets, and is far too Oriental to please the Western traveller.

From Smyrna there is frequent and direct steam communication with Syra, the steamer passing the principal islands of the Ægean Sea, and from Syra back to Athens is only a passage of a few hours.

### SMALL MANUFACTURERS.



**I**N a recent article, we brought under the notice of our readers, the hard and continual "struggle for dear life" which is the lot of so many of our small traders; and the object of the present is to place before them another class equally entitled to their sympathy and consideration, though not so frequently brought under the direct eye of the public—the "small manufacturers." At the same time it must be admitted that many of this latter class are rapidly dying out, and those branches which still exist are comparatively ignored from their skill

and labour being only brought under our notice by the so-called wholesale manufacturers, who, if the question were rightly considered, are hardly entitled to the appellation, being in fact the brokers, or middlemen, between the real makers of the article they sell and the general public.

Machinery, again, with all the benefits that it has bestowed on society at large, has at the same time done much to injure the small manufacturer, and that, too, occasionally to the prejudice of thousands of our industrious fellow-subjects who were unable, either from want of political influence, too slender means, age, or habits of life, to betake themselves to any other remunerative occupation.

Of the numerous small manufactures which are rapidly becoming extinct, there is not one that deserves our commiseration more than the pillow-lace-maker's, and the more so from forming, as it does, one of the connecting links between a skilled handicraft and a branch of the fine arts. The whole history of pillow-lace-making in England is exceedingly curious and

interesting. When first the art was introduced into this country, and to what nation we are indebted for it, at the present time it would be difficult to determine. Mary de Medici is stated to have carried it to France from Venice, where, as well as in the neighbouring states of Ferrara, Modena, and Milan, lace seems to have been worn long before she quitted Italy. There is a tradition that lace-making was introduced into this country by some refugees from Flanders, who settled near Cranfield in Buckinghamshire; and it has been supposed that the first kind so made in England was that known as "Brussels point," the network being made by bone bobbins on a pillow, and the pattern and sprigs worked with the needle.

At the commencement of the last century, pillow-lace-making employed many women in Bath and the surrounding villages. The trade in the locality afterwards received a considerable impulse from a cause in which the romantic and terrible were strangely intermingled with the practical. In the year 1696 the Laird of Bargarran, who resided some eight miles from Paisley, had one of his children, a girl about eleven years of age, thrown into an epileptic fit in consequence of a fright she received from an old beggar-woman, who threatened to bewitch her and all her family for having refused to give her some milk and other food she said she required. Little notice was taken of the threat at the time, but a few days afterwards the child had a second fit, and a few days later a third. The family now began to suspect that the old woman had really bewitched the girl, and a meeting of the clergy of the district was called to inquire whether there was any ground for the suspicion. The reverend gentlemen cross-questioned the child as to what she saw during the fits, and by putting leading questions, succeeded in eliciting from her that on those occasions the old woman, though invisible to others, was always